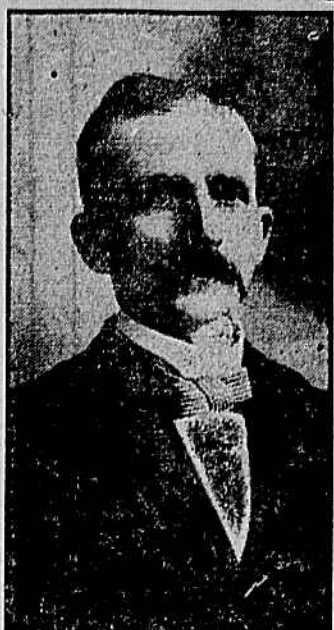


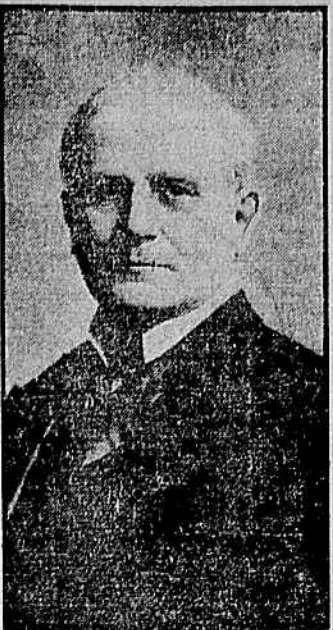
Storms in Congress—Giants of Debate Who Are Expected to Hurl Mightiest Thunderbolts—Star Wits and Humorists



CHARLES L. BARTLETT (Georgia).



MACON, OF ARKANSAS.



CHAMP CLARK.



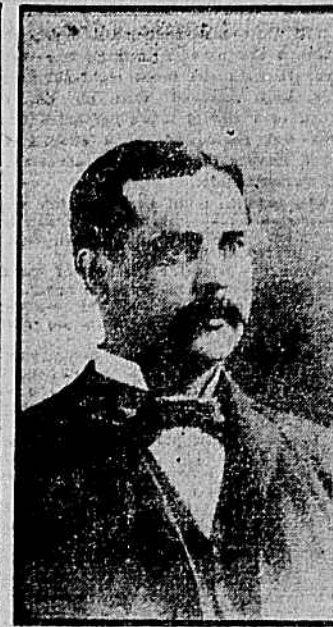
JOSEPH G. CANNON.

BY JOHN ELLFRET WATKINS.
Washington, D. C., December 10.—The politically weather-wise will tell you that the general disturbance of November 8 generated in the atmosphere differences in potential that portend severe electric disturbances centering over Capitol Hill and increasing in violence until the first week of March.

Not for half a generation have conditions in this pressure zone made for such ideal thunder-storm weather. Each day the tension tightens between the Republican and Democratic sides, and presently the lightning will commence to flash back and forth between these opposite surcharged bodies. Around this storm vortex will be waged a war of wits waxing warmer and warmer each day until the clock hands double upon the middle of March's first Saturday.

Let us have a rip-roaring field day in the House, just to see how its warriors upon the floor to-day can parry and thrust.

"Uncle Joe" in ruling on a point of order, remarks that the member raising it has cited in its favor "the whole



W. A. RODENBERG (Illinois).



OLLIE JAMES (Kentucky).

ocean of claims from the time of the birth of Christ to the future supposed death of the man with the horns and eleven hoofs.

"Pellon Piled on Ossa." The Democrats are filibustering. First they make the point of "no quorum." Then they move adjournment, and finally they shout "no quorum" again.

"Pellon has been piled on Ossa," shouts the Speaker, but he is not perturbed. "There are no more words in the alphabet; there are no more mountains to pile. One hundred and ninety-two members are present—a quorum."

Insurgents and Democrats combine and overthrow the Speaker, but he is not perturbed. It but proves, he reminds his adversaries, that the will of the majority really rules, and it disposes of the question "whether the Speaker does, like a colossus, bestride the world," whether with him it is a case of "let there be light, and there was light."

Up comes a bill for the presentation of the Kaiser with a replica of a statue of Von Steuben, and Sulzer, of New York, offers an amendment substituting a statue of Washington instead. "Against this," the Speaker sustains a point of order.

"Is George Washington, the father of his country, out of order here?" asks the outraged Sulzer.

"In the present company he most decidedly is," says the Speaker; and the next measure is taken up.

What's become of the clothes line? The gavel is handed to a trusted lieutenant, and Mr. Cannon now takes a seat on the floor. The regular appropriation for replacing worn White House furnishings is up, and a Democratic amendment, the usual tirade against wanton lavishness with which old White House property is knocked down at scandalously low prices. There was Mrs. Hayes's sacred temperance sideboard. What's become of that? And what's become of this, what's become of that sacred relic associated with such and such a President?

"Uncle Joe" now springs from his seat and, in mock sympathy with the Democrats' outraged feelings, yells at the top of his voice:

"And Mrs. Adams hung her wash up in the east room. My God! What's become of the clothes line?"

The venerable Speaker passes into his office, where a newspaper man asks him how he feels about the latest insurgent doings.

"If you turn to the journals of old St. Paul," answers the Sage of Danville, "you will find that he struck an attitude and said: 'I have been impoverished with stripes; I have met robbers on land; I have been shipwrecked on sea; I have fought with the beasts of Ephesus. Yet none of these things have moved me.'"

And the mentor of the Republicans and the tormentor of the Democrats returns to the House and to his gavel.

Soil Fertile Enough to Plant. In his symphonious Southern voice Champ Clark, of Missouri, the Democratic Speaker-to-be, is singing the praises of the land of his constituents. He is red-necked as always, and a business suit of gray covers his giant figure.

"Mr. Speaker," he melodizes—letting his pass without biting them—"Mr. Speaker, the last time the distinguished gentleman from Maine was in my district he took up a handful of our soil, and after smelling it, and finding it and almost tasting it, exclaimed: 'If we had such soil in New England we would put it up in packages and sell it for seed!'"

And, later, while paying his respects to the folly of carrying the flag to the far islands of the Pacific, he again convulses the House:

"In my mind's eye I see the gentleman from the Fiji Islands rising in his place on this floor, and, with watering mouth, gazing upon the Speaker as something good to eat."

He Whistled for Grizzly. Then, viewing the wreck of an interrupter whom he had just squelched, and who had, with folly, invited his own destruction, the Democratic leader parables:

"Once a tenderfoot hit the West, looking for grizzly, and they told him grizzly was so plentiful out there that all he had to do was to whistle for it

and it would come. So he went out on the trail with all the panoply he had brought from the East. Two days later they organized a relief expedition, found the few chawed remnants of his body, and erected a tombstone on which was this epitaph:

"He whistled for grizzly, and the grizzly came."

Up jumps John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who on March 4 will ascend to that realm at the other end of the Capitol, which Tom Reed defined as "the place where politicians go to when they die"—the United States Senate.

He "Lords the Lean Earth." With this jab Williams attacks the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means—the Republican leader on the floor:

"Mr. Chairman—I have sometimes thought, and I say it in all good humor, that there is a large degree of comparison between my friend, the Hon. Serran E. Payne, of New York, and that distinguished knight of the days of Prince Hal, who was known to his friends as 'Honest Jack Falstaff,' and to strangers as Sir John. In breadth of girth there is much comparison. They both lord the lean earth as they walk across it. In adopting the maxim that discretion is the better part of valor, there is much comparison, because the gentleman generally, indeed, manages to make the last speech when he is engaged in debate, whenever he can so that he cannot be easily replied to."

Then Mr. Williams complains that when the people ask for more tariff reduction they are invited to go to the infernal regions, but by a subtle innuendo which reminds him of this lit-

tle poem which a disappointed avain dedicated to his heartless love:

"When I asked my girl to marry me, she said:

Go to father!

She knew that I knew that her father was dead;

She knew that I knew what a life he had led;

She knew that I knew what she meant when she said:

Go to father!"

False Teeth Spoil the Funeral. A too garrulous colleague, who has just opened his mouth only to plunge his foot into it fatally deep, the humorous Mississippian rebukes with a grim yarn about two rich brothers in the South who read an account of an "unknown" in the New York morgue, and who believed it to be their long-lost father. They hurry North, view the body, recognize it, and order an elaborate funeral. But just as they are leaving the morgue the binding of the dead man's jaws snaps, and a set of false teeth clank down upon the marble slab.

"Cancel all funeral arrangements. Father never wore false teeth," say the brothers, and they beat a retreat, leaving the morgue master to admonish the corpse in this wise:

"If you'd kept your confounded mouth shut you'd had a first-class funeral! Now, doggone you, you go to the potter's field, without even hired mourners!"

Future battles with airships are now being discussed by this junior senator-elect from the Senate of double consonants. Hobson—he of the osculatory record—interrupts to say that if Williams's graphically pictured war balloons were punctured there would be "even more hot air escaping than there is to-day."

Williams no sooner catches the peevish than he flings it straight back at the belt of his eloquence, who, every member recalls, held the floor the day before in a two-hour speech.

"Yes, more hot air than there is to-day," solemnly admits Williams. "But not more than there was yesterday."

"Takes Sugar in Theirs." Mention of sugar in a tariff argument gives Williams his cue for this: "In the early days of the republic of Texas some English noblemen were traveling through that country."

"They were entertained by one of the local magnates who had settled there, and he took the English nobles down to the only gentlemen's club existing at that time within the confines of the republic, the public barroom, and while there he concluded he would impress the barkeeper with the magnitude of his social standing. So he turned to one of the visitors and said:

"My lord, I believe you are a marquis in your own country?"

"Yes."

"And, my lord, I believe you are an earl at home?"

"Then he said: 'Jim, these are marquis and earls. What do you think of them?'"

Jim said: "Oh, well, I don't care much about that. There ain't but two classes of men in this place. One is them that

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"Now, I belong to the class that has a very tender and soft feeling for the sugar in a great many things, but I am very much like that man. I would not neglect the real solid elements of the sugar in the composition simply for the sake of sugar."

"To a pestiferous interrupter who has vexed him throughout a long speech Boutell, of Illinois, remarks that the gentleman deserves an epitaph like the following:

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordon—Mouth almighty and voice accordant. Stranger, tread lightly near this wonder. If he opens his mouth you are gone, by thunder!"

Then somebody takes a fling at Jolly Rogers, the German-American Milwaukee humorist, who talks like the Rogers Brothers or Weber and Field, and who punctuates his remarks with polite bows to the chair.

"I resent this imbecility of my Americanism, Mr. Speaker! Although I was born in Germany, I have chosen as much patriotism as you native-born Americans, none of whom came here by his own free will, as I have done!"

Another Tariff Joke. The inevitable tariff comes up again, and Sharp, of Ohio, shouts:

"I want protection for every industry until it is able to stand on its own feet."

And Ollie James, of Kentucky, yells back:

"I'll favor protecting industries until they can stand on their own feet, but I don't feel like continuing that protection until they stand on everybody else's feet!"

The Tariff on Balm of Gilead. This tariff talk inspires one of the new humorists of the House, William Benjamin Craig, of Alabama.

"Lead pencils for the school children will be higher," he cries, "but why worry about them when no tax is required on balm of Gilead? Ladies' gloves will cost more, but leeches can be imported free. If any should be needed to supply the place of those who manufacture the gloves, tea and coco will be almost prohibitive in price, but manna, which has been free since the days when the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, is still on the free list. First, not dear people, because soap is going to cost 5 cents per pound more than it does now, for on the free list are ashes and lye, which the opposition seems to think are good enough for the poor man's toilet. Perfumery and cologne are raised in price, but rags are still upon the free list. A few years more of so-called prosperity such as we have had for the last two years and rags will be the most prominent article in the wardrobe of all but the protected classes and their satellites."

But this creates no louder outburst of laughter than the following shot which Rodenberg, of Illinois, takes at the idol of the radical Democrats. He refers to the Commemorative as "a newspaper which, with a becoming sense of modesty, seldom mentions the name of its editor oftener than 100 times in any one issue."

"I happen, however," he proceeds, "to have here a copy of the issue of the Commemorative of February 28 and March 6. In the first of actual count exactly 115 times and in the latter 103 times, and it isn't a very large paper at that—only sixteen pages, with one name ever present. But so intent is the editor of keeping that name before the public that even the advertising column does not escape, as is evidenced by the following notice:

"For sale—An excellent registered short-horn bull, 1 year old. In fine condition; color, red. W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb."

The pedigree of this excellent cow-

tered short-horn bull is not given, Mr. Speaker, but in all probability he is a lineal descendant of the fifteen-hundred-dollar blooded heifer which was sold Mr. Bryan purchased shortly after he was overtaken by the prosperity which followed the election of his Republican opponent in 1896."

"The Great Uncommoner." Mr. Bryan is the target also for this dart from the ever full quiver of John Dailzell, of Arkansas, who thus pays his respects to the expensive account of the immigration commission, which included an item for a carriage ride to the catacombs:

"The commission wanted to find out the kind of immigrants that came to this country from all these places, including the catacombs, where sleep and decay the bones of the departed, the stretch from which is so great as to

mean death to those who attempt to long endure it."

And, at length, a tactless young orator from the West bobs up and begins fighting the Civil War over again, but before his colleagues have a chance to squelch him, Charles Lafayette Bartlett, of Georgia, puts him out of business with this thrust:

"Let the 'bloody shirt' rest. Let the broken and battered blade of sectionalism be left idle in its scabbard. To quote the familiar lines from Hudibras: 'The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty, For want of fighting has grown rusty, And ate into itself for lack Of somebody to hew and hack.'"

But, finally, Uncle Joe upolls all the fun by rapping loudly and admonishing the House to settle down to work.

"We had better do a little public business," he advises—"just to fool the people."

(Copyright, 1910, by John Ellfret Watkins.)

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